

THE KNOT-HOLE IN THE FENCE

My chain and I have lots of fun; He lives next door to me, And there's a light board fence between the yard and mine, you see.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Home-made Ideas and Suggestions.

By Betty Barclay

STRAWBERRY SUPPER

During strawberry time do not limit your berry table to strawberries and cream, strawberry shortcake and strawberry pie.

- 1 package strawberry flavored gelatin
1 pint, minus two tablespoons, boiling water
1 cup cream, whipped

- Combine strawberries, marshmallows, and sugar, mixing well. Let stand at least one hour. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until consistency of whipped cream.

- 1 package strawberry flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup strawberry juice
1 cup strawberries, crushed and drained
1-3 cup sugar

- 1 package strawberry flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup strawberry juice
1 cup strawberries, crushed and drained
1-3 cup sugar

- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
Cayenne
1 teaspoon salt
1 lb. can salmon
2 small eggs
2-3 cup chopped celery
14 cups bread crumbs
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 cup evaporated milk

- 1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon pepper
New cream evaporino
Yolks of 2 eggs
1/2 cup butter
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Asparagus

- 1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon pepper
New cream evaporino
Yolks of 2 eggs
1/2 cup butter
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Asparagus

- 1/4 cup shortening
3 cups sugar
4 eggs
1 cup milk
2-3 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
3 squares chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla

- 1/4 cup shortening
3 cups sugar
4 eggs
1 cup milk
2-3 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
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The Free Press Short Story

Doc Snyder's Successor

Manche Gertrude Bohlin

HOW DO I take it if you're a new doctor that allows to fill in the shoes of an old one? The question attracted the attention of the young man swinging from the rear of the afternoon express.

"Then you're the chap they sent me to meet. I'm the mail driver and you're coming along with your luggage on the carrier if you don't object to antique."

"It is going to worry Mother and pretty near break Dad's heart," declared Eric to himself. "But a fellow can't go through life hand-cuffed with a name just because it changed."

"Before leaving the city for the practice at Amethyst Cove, Eric Stenberg had consulted with a lawyer, who had promised to procure the necessary papers and see that the application went through safely."

"All right, Doctor," commented the mail driver, then, pointing to the group of houses clustered about the long factory building on the beach below the hill.

"Don't worry over me, Aunt Piddily," protested Eric with a grin. "Come to think of it, I never enjoyed myself more in my life—I feel as if I were in a rest home, and getting the best of that epidemic sure puts the pep into a fellow."

"I'm not a hot supper ready for you," croaked chicken and biscuits and honey," she called out, "supper for the patients—they are waiting for you—that's the way Doc Snyder did—tammy has the horse harness—tammy is the chore-boy you know."

"The old motor, rattling and creaking, rolled down the country road from the town to the fishing village, straggling the shore of the Bay of Brandy. With patients awaiting him, his practice was assured and the young doctor smiled to think how he had managed to decide upon a practice at Amethyst Cove."

"I'll work at it for a couple of years, then pull up stakes and buy a city practice, or go in for a course in specialism," decided the young doctor. "Now about that thing about the name? Dr. Eric Stenberg would have a professional sound all right—that is, if things work out as I am planning."

"By the way, Mister, I ain't got your name—what'd you say it was?" questioned the mail driver, turning with curiosity as the car made a hill.

"Eric Stenberg," muttered the newcomer, adding gravely, "Dr. Eric Stenberg."

"You'll be called 'Doc' most of anything," commented the mail driver. "That's what they called Doc Snyder."

"The young doctor's cheeks crimsoned as he muttered the name. 'Eric Stenberg,' the name that he had borne since his birth, the name of his father and his great-grandfather, the name of Swedish folk. Eric's father had come to America when his boy was but a baby, but the young doctor had learned to speak Swedish as well as English through the use of the native tongue in the house."

"Why don't you have your name changed to English—it is frequently done for business reasons you know?" Eric Stenberg had agreed that the suggestion was worth consideration. In any day he would star as a specialist, and his chances, he believed, would be greater were he to name a name with an Anglo-Saxon sound. He feasted to use the name Dr. Erickson Stenberg in the keen surgical competition of the day. For many weeks he pondered the idea of applying to the court to change his name and he had arrived at the conclusion to apply to have his name changed to Eric Stenberg.

Eric Stenberg moved there, with capable Swedish women in attendance until nurses could be secured from town. Eric was thankful, indeed, that he was one of the Swedish tongue and could give explicit instructions.

"Young Doctor Stenberg, he very clever, he speak the Swedish tongue—maybe he speak many languages," exclaimed an appreciative Swedish neighbor, who had known to think that his nationality was unknown to these people of the fishing settlement.

"They do that for us!" exclaimed a man of the Swedish community. "We thought they did not want to be friends—we did not understand the way they speak and we were so alone."

"The man's words struck home to Eric Stenberg. He was reminded of the loneliness of his own folks when first they settled in America. Here was a great opportunity for the people of Amethyst Cove to stretch out a welcome hand—to do a piece of good work. But who was there in the community to take the responsibility of this welfare work? His glance strayed over the village and stayed for a moment beside the little white church on the hill. The church should be the first to adopt the Swedish settlement, but who was there among the congregation capable of interpreting the message and the friendliness of the people to the Swedish settlement?

"How about yourself—you know both languages and you have influence as a doctor in the village," came a whisper from within.

"During the weeks of anxiety, as Eric Stenberg consulted with the people of the community, he failed to find time to hang out his shingle. Everywhere he went among the homes of the village he was hailed as "Doctor." His name seemed to matter but little, and perhaps with the exception of the little postmaster, who had said, "That's Amethyst Cove and those small houses scattered about the fishing village belong to a community of Swedes. They're honest and thrifty and you'll find them good patients—often have accidents in the factory, you know. The fishermen mostly live in the bigger houses on the cove and up yonder—some place—is Amethyst Cove. Here's Doc Snyder's house—want to be dropped at the office door?"

"I'm afraid they'll kill you soon, Doctor. Even Doc Snyder never had to work that night this way," exclaimed Aunt Piddily one evening as Eric, worn to the point of exhaustion, hung himself on the couch of the office to rest.

"Don't worry over me, Aunt Piddily," protested Eric with a grin. "Come to think of it, I never enjoyed myself more in my life—I feel as if I were in a rest home, and getting the best of that epidemic sure puts the pep into a fellow."

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Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press by GWYNDDOLAN F. CLARKE

We are anxiously listening to the trams, watching the clouds and looking at the little weather house in the sunroom, for we do want rain so badly. The trams, I believe, are the most reliable weather prophet, as the white clouds always come out before we get rain.

"There have been heavy showers in several districts near here, but so far we have been passed by. And here am I, with a whole basketful of bedding plants to put out, and just afraid to do it in case the sun dries them right up."

"I'm not so very upset at missing the picnic, as I had already had a glorious treat this week. On Wednesday we were planting potatoes, and dropping potatoes at ninety-one in the shade in 'no joke. However, we were through by noon, and just as we finished driving a car drove in the lane and a friend's name said she was just going on to Guelph, and getting the best of that epidemic sure puts the pep into a fellow."

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SLATS' DIARY

By HOSE PARQUIAR

Friday—well, as 'class is a putting on a play and I have got a part in it. I am supposed to die in the last act, but now they have decided to have me do it in the 1st act. In order to save having trouble with me, I reckon.

Saturday—well, I started to study school this morn, but when I got the garage Jake and Blister was having a fit and I went to joined in and got all must up and had to go back home and had to go to bed. I had to go to bed because I stretched my nose with my spoon. I told her it was because my fork had gravel all over it but that didn't seem to make no difference with her and I got slapped anyway.

Sunday—well I started to study school this morn, but when I got the garage Jake and Blister was having a fit and I went to joined in and got all must up and had to go back home and had to go to bed. I had to go to bed because I stretched my nose with my spoon. I told her it was because my fork had gravel all over it but that didn't seem to make no difference with her and I got slapped anyway.

Monday—Jane made a nice crack at me today. I at her if she didn't think I might be the sort of a fellow which would make a woman happy and she replied and said, well they say that any buddy which can make sum buddy talk has done good for the world. I kind of suspect she was making lies of me.

Tuesday—Jane wanted me to stop on my way home from school and bring her a pound of 'Tired and the tied a string around my finger to remind me about it. Every thing wood of ben all the only I forgot to look at my finger before I run home.

Wednesday—I up and told the Teacher today that the more I read about the history of the United States the less I new about it and she said to me. Well you must of read a lot of it then I reckon.

Thursday—Ukel Jen and he was a going to race tobacco this summer and Aunt Kommy wanted to no weather he was a going to race tobacco for Luckies or Camels or Ole Gods. And also if his tobacco would cost.

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WHY PLUMBER GET RICH

By HOSE PARQUIAR

The plumber worked and the helper stood helplessly looking on. He was learning the business. This was his first day.

"Certainly, you idiot," came the reply. "But I haven't done anything."

"The plumber, to fill in the hour had been looking at the finished job with a lighted candle. Handling the two inches of it that were still unburned to the helper, he said witheringly:

"Here, if you gotta be a darned punctilious, how that out!"

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.—Carlyle.

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75% of TOTAL FARES to CANADA ADVANCED

BRITISHERS in Canada may now bring forward their Families, Relatives and Friends on Easy Terms.

For full details apply—J. D. CAMERON, Canadian Pacific Railway, Toronto

BRITISH RE-UNION ASSOCIATION

A BARRIER TO FIRE, STORM AND WEATHER



Crops, property and livestock destroyed by fire and lightning last year amounted to more than \$1,000,000 in Ontario. That's one of the reasons so many farmers are now using RIB-ROLL.

Use Rib-Roll Roofing and Preston Lead-Hill Nails. RIB-ROLL and PRESTON LEAD-HILL nails form an unbreakable roofing combination. The nails are scientifically designed to fit with wood roofing.

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Carroll's advertisement for a sale on Friday 13th. Features various products like Gelatine, Tuna, Jellies, and Butter at special prices. Includes the slogan 'A Red Letter Day!' and 'SALE LUCKY FRIDAY SALE'.